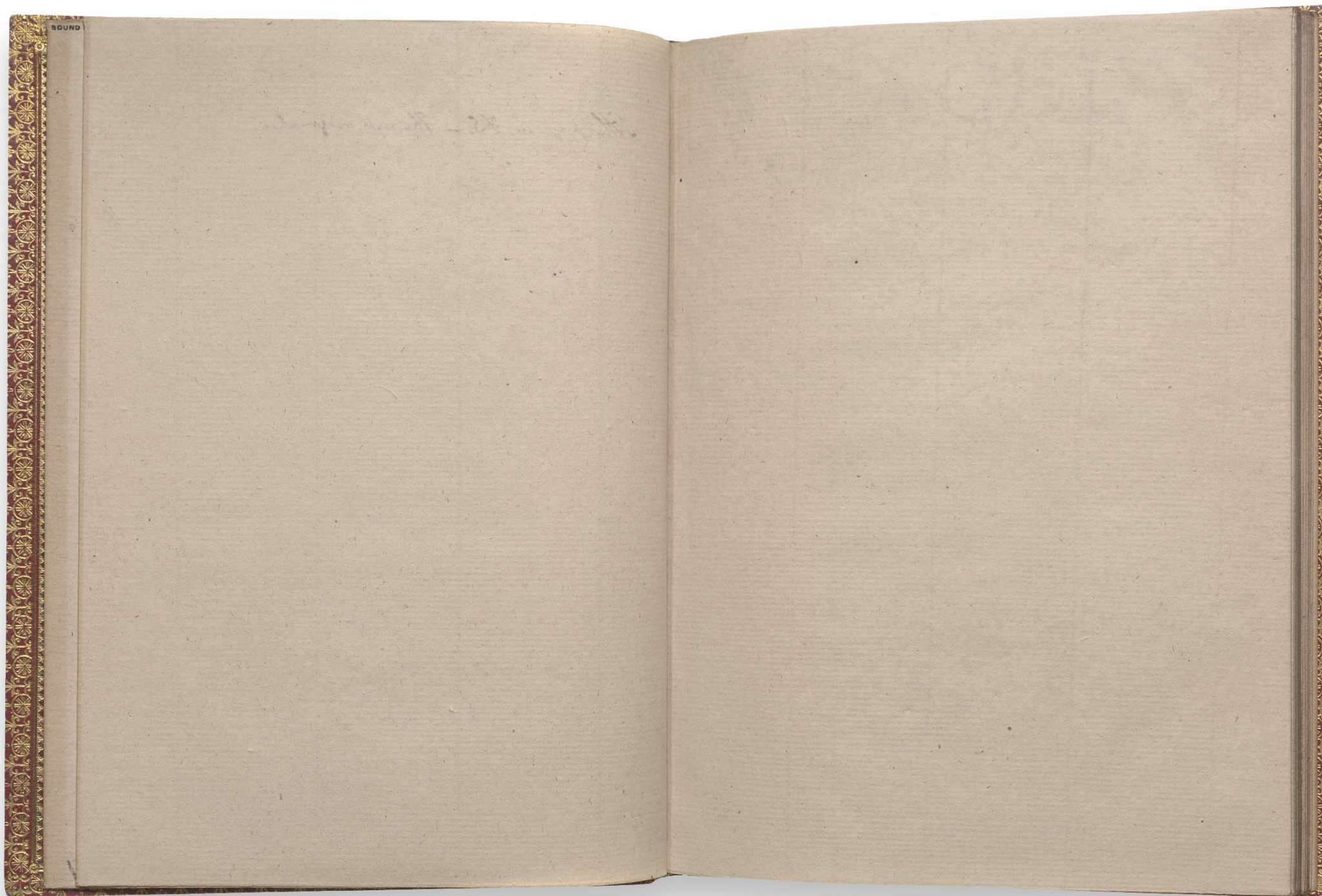




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10
THE
TRAGEDY
OF HAMLET
PRINCE OF
DENMARK.

Newly imprinted and enlarged, according to the true
and perfect Copy last Printed.

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



LONDON,
Printed by R. Young for John Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his
Shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard in Fleet-street,
under the Diall. 1637.



THE TRAGEDY
OF HAMLET
PRINCE OF
DENMARK.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two Sentinels.

B

Ar. Who's there?

Fran. Nay answer me, stand and unfold your selfe.

Bar. Long live the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. Hee.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your houre.

Bar. 'Tis now strooke twelve: get thee to bed *Francisco*.

Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart.

Bar. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, goodnight:

If you doe meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The rivalls of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand ho: who is there?

Hora. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Liegemen to the Dane.

A 2

Fran.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O farewell honest souldiers : who hath relieved you ?

Fra. *Bernardo* hath my place : give you good night. *Exit Fran.*

Mar. Holla *Barnardo*.

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there ?

Hora. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Hora. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night ?

Bar. I have seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* sayes 'tis but a phantasie,
And will not let beliefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of us ;
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speake to it.

Hora. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let us once againe assaile your eares
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seene.

Hora. Well, sit we downe,
And let us heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Bar. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's Westward from the Pole,
Had made his course illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, breake thee off, looke where it comes againe.

Bar. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholar, speake to it *Horatio*.

Hora. Most like, it horrorres me with feare and wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*.

Hora. What art thou that usurpst this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Majesty of buried *Denmarke*

Did

Prince of Denmarke.

Did sometimes march ? by heaven I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See it stalkes away.

Hora. Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee speake.

Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone and will not answer.

Bar. How now *Horatio* ? you tremble and looke pale :
Is not this something more than phantasie ?
What thinke you of it ?

Hora. Before my God I might not this beleewe,
Withour the sensible and true avouch
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King ?

Hora. As thou art to thy selfe :
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious Norway combated.
So frown'd he once, when in an angry Parle
He smote the sleaded Pollax on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and jumpe at this same houre,
With martiall stalke hath he gone by our watch.

Hora. In what particular thought to worke I know not,
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toiles the subject of the land,
And with such daily cost of brasen Cannon,
And forraine Mart for implements of warre ?
Why such impresse of ship-wrights, whose sore taske
Does not divide the Sunday from the weeke ?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint labour with the day ?
Who is't that can informe me ?

Hora. That can I :

At least the whisper goes so. Our last King,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,

Thereto

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by Law and Heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all these his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the Conquerour:
Against the which a moity competent
VVas gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,
Had he bin vanquish't; as by the same co-mart,
And carriage of the Articles designe,
His fell to *Hamlet*: now fir, young *Fortinbrasse*,
Of unimproved metall, hot, and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there
Sharkt up a list of lawlesse resolute,
For food and diet to some enterprise
That hath a stomacke in't, which no other
As it doth well appeare unto our stare,
But to recover of us by strong hand
And tearmes compulatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this I take it
Is the maine motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this poste haste, and romeage in the land.

Bar. I thinke it be no other but even so:
VVell may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was and is the question of these warres.

Hora. A mote in is to trouble the mindes eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell,
The graves stood tenantlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets,
As starres with traines of fire, and dewes of blood,
Disasters in the sunne, and the moist starre,
Upon whose influence *Neptunes* Empire stands,
VVas sicke almost to Doome day with eclipse,

Thence

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And Prologue to the *Omen* comming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our Climatures and Countrimen.

Enter Ghost.

But soft, behold! lo where it comes againe,
Ile crosse it though it blast me: Stay illusion,
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speake to me: if there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee doe ease, and grace to me,
Speake to me.

*It spreads
his armes.*

If thou art privie to thy Countries fate,
Which happely foreknowing may avoid,
O speake:

Or if thou hast uphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death,
Speake of it, stay and speake; stop it *Marcellus*.

*The cocke
crows.*

Mar. Shall I strike it with my partisan?

Hor. Doe if it will not stand.

Bar. 'Tis here.

Hor. 'Tis here.

Mar. 'Tis gone.

We doe it wrong, being so Majestically,
To offer it the shew of violence:
For it is as the aire, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to speake when the cocke crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearefull summons: I have heard,
The cocke, that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat
Awake the God of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or aire,
Th'extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation,

Mar.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cocke.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviours birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dares stirre abroad,
The nights are wholsome; then no Planets strike,
No Fairy takes, no witch hath power to charme;
So hallowed and so gracious is that time.

Hor. So have I heard, and doe in part beleve it:
But looke, the morne in russet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dew of yon high Eastward hill:
Breake we our watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have seene to night
Unto young *Hamlet*; for upon my life
This spirit dumbe to us will speake to him.
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's doo't I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall finde him most convenient.

Exeunt.

*Flourish. Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrud the
Queene, Councell, as Polonius, and his sonne Laer-
tes, Hamlet, cum aliis.*

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere brothers death
The memory be greene, and that it us befitted
To beare our hearts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our selves:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene,
Th' imperiall jointresse to this warlike State,
Have we as 'twere with a defeated joy,
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,
Inequall scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife, nor have we herein barr'd

Your

Prince of Denmarke.

Your better wisdomes, which have freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thanks)
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbrasse*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth,
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to be dis-joint, and out of frame,
Collegued with this dreame of his advantage,
He hath not faild to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of Law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the businesse is, We have here writ
To *Norway*, Uncle of young *Fortinbrasse*,
Who impotent and bedrid, scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppress
His further gate herein, in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subjects: and we here dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giving to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King, more than the scope
Of these delated Articles allow.

Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. Vo. In that, & all things will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?

You told us of some suit, what is't *Laertes*?

You cannot speake of reason to the Dane,

And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg *Laertes*?

That shall not be my offer, nor thy asking.

The head is not more native to the heart,

The hand more instrumentall to the mouth,

Than is the throne of *Denmarke* to thy Father:

What wouldst thou have *Laertes*?

Laer. My dread Lord,

Your leave and favour to returne to *France*,

B

From

The Tragedy of Hamlet

From whence though willingly I came to *Denmarke*,
To shew my duty in your Coronation;
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward *France*,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your fathers leave? what sayes *Polonius*?

Polo. He hath, my Lord, wrung from me my slow leave,
By labour some petition; and at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.
I doe beseech you give him leave to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces; spend it at thy will.
But now my cousin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

Ham. A little more than kin, and lesse than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*.
Doe not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seeke for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common all that lives must dye,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seemes it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems Madam, nay it is, I know not seems,
'Tis not alone my inkie cloke could smother,
Nor customary futes of solemne blacke,
Nor windie suspiration of forc't breath,
No, nor the fruitfull river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all formes, moods, shapes of griefe,
That can denote me truely; these indeed seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passes shew,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To give these mourning duties to your father.

Prince of Denmarke.

But you must know your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filliall obligation for some tearme
To doe obsequious sorrowes; but to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornnesse, 'tis unmanly griefe,
It shewes a will most incorrect to Heaven,
A heart unfortified, or minde impatient,
An understanding simple and unschoold:
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
From the first coarfe till he that died to day,
This must be so: we pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and thinke of us
As of a father: for let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no lesse nobility of love
Than that which dearest father beares his sonne
Doe I impart toward you for your intent
In going backe to schoole to *Wittenberg*:
It is most retrograde to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remaine
Here in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefe Courtier, cousin, and our sonne.
Que. Let not thy mother lose her prayers *Hamlet*:
I pray thee stay with us, goe not to *Wittenberg*.
Ham. I shall in all my best obey you Madame.
King. Why 'tis a loving and a faire reply.
Be as our selfe in *Denmarke*, Madame come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No jocond health that *Denmarke* drinks to day
But the great Cannon to the clouds shall tell,

The Tragedy of Hamlet

And the Kings rowse the heaven shall bruit againe,
Respeaking earthly thunder: Come away. *Flourish, Exeunt all*
Ham. O that this too too sallied flesh would melt, *but Hamlet.*

Thaw and resolve it selfe into a dew,
Or that the everlasting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainst selfe slaughter! O God, God,
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seeme to me all the uses of this World?
Fie on't, ah fie, 'tis an unweeded Garden,
That growes to seed; things rank & grosse in nature
Possesse it meerly: that it should come thus,
But two moneths dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre, so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the windes of heaven
Vifit her face too roughly: heaven and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a moneth,
Let me not thinke on't, frailty thy name is woman,
A little moneth: Or ere those shooes were old,
With which she followed my poore fathers body,
Like *Niobe* all teares, why she,
O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer, married with my uncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Than I to *Hercules*; within a moneth,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous teares
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. Oh most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets;
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.

Hora. Haile to your Lordship. *(selfe.)*

Ham. I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I doe forget my

Hora. The same my Lord, and your poore servant ever.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you;

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you (good even sir.)

But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

Hora. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enemy say so,
Nor shall you doe my eare that violence
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe; I know you are no truant;
But what is your affaire in *Elsenour*?

Wee'll teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Hora. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

Ham. I prethee doe not mocke me fellow student,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.

Hora. Indeed my Lord it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seene that day *Horatio*.
My father, me thinkes I see my father.

Hora. Where my Lord?

Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio*.

Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.

Ham. A was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not looke upon his like againe.

Hora. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw who?

Hora. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my father!

Hora. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentive eare, till I may deliver
Upon the witnesse of these Gentlemen
This marvaile to you.

Ham. For Gods love let me heare.

Hora. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Barnardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Been thus encountred : a figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, *Cap a pe*,
Appeares before them, and with solemne march
Goes slow and stately by them : thrice he walkt
By their opprest and feare surpris'd eyes
Within this truncheons length, whilst they distill'd
Almost to gelly with the act of feare,
Stand dumbe and speake not to him : this to me
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes : I knew your father,
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this ?

Mar. My Lord upon the platform where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speake to it ?

Hor. My Lord, I did,
But answer it made none : yet once me thought
It lifted up its head, and did addresse
It selfe to motion, like as it would speake ;
But even then the morning Cocke crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunke in haste away,
And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I doe live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true,
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed sirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night ?

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you ?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

All. My Lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face ?

Hor. O yes my Lord, he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What ? lookt he frowningly ?

Hor.

Prince of Denmarke.

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or red ?

Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like : staid it long ?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell an hundred.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grissled, no.

Hor. It was as I have seene it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to night,
Perchance 'twill walke againe.

Hor. I warn't it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person
Ile speake to it, though hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall hap to night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue ;
I will requite your loves : So fare you well,
Upon the platforme 'twixt eleven and twelve
Ile visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Exeunt.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you ; Farewell.
My fathers spirit in armes, all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come :
Till then sit still my soule, foule deeds will rise,
Though all the earth orewhelme them to mens eyes.

Exit.

Enter Laertes, and Ophelia his Sister.

Laer. My necessities are imbarkt, farewell,
And sister, as the windes give benefit
And convey in assistant, doe not sleep,
But let me heare from you.

Opheli.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ophel. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of prime nature,
Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute:
No more.

Ophel. No more but so.

Laer. Thinke it no more.

For nature cressant does not grow alone,
In thewes and bulkes, but as this Temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soule
Growes wide withall: perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soile nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his will; but you must feare
His greatnesse wai'd, his will is not his owne.
He may not, as unvalued persons doe,
Crave for himselfe; for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head: then if he saies he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to beleieve it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the maine voice of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what losse your honour may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you list his songs,
Or loose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaistred importunitie.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare sister,
And keep you in the reare of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire:
"The chariest maid is prodigall enough,
If she unmaske her beauty to the Moone:
"Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes;
"The canker galls the infant of the Spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And in the morne and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be warie then, best safety lyes in feare,
Youth to it selfe rebels though none else neere.

Ophel. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchmen to my heart: But good my brother
Doe not as some ungracious Pastors doe,
Shew me the steep and thorny way of heaven,
Whiles a puffed and rechelesse Libertine,
Himselfe the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reakes not his owne reed. *Enter Polonius.*

Laer. O feare me not;
I stay too long; but here my father comes.
A double blessing is a double grace,
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Polo. Yet here *Laertes*? aboard, aboard for shame,
The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for. There, my blessing with thee,
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character: Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgar:
Those friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapplethem unto thy soule with hoops of Steele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht, unfledg'd courage: beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'opposer may beware of thee:
Give every man thy eare, but few thy voice;
Take each mans censure, but reserve thy judgement:
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not exprest in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparell oft proclaimes the man,
And they in *France* of the best ranke and station,
Are of a most select and generous chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For love oft loses both it selfe and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

C

This

The Tragedy of Hamlet

This above all, to thine owne selfe be true,
And it must follow as the night to day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell, my blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly doe I take my leave my Lord.

Pol. The time invests you, goe, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Ophel. 'Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your selfe shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. *Exit Laertes.*

Pol. What is't *Ophelia* he hath said to you?

Ophel. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marrie well bethought.

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you: and you your selfe
Have of your audience beene most free and bounteous.
If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,

And that in way of caution, I must tell you
You doe not understand your selfe so clearly
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Ophel. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh, you speake like a greene girle,
Unfitted in such perillous circumstance:
Doe you beleewe his tenders, as you call them?

Ophel. I doe not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, think your selfe a babie,
That you have ta'n these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling: tender your selfe more dearly,
Or (not to cracke the winde of the poore phraze)
Wrong it thus, you'll tender me a foole.

Ophel. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.

Pol. I, fashion you may call it, goe too, goe too.

Ophel. And hath given countenance to his speech,
My Lord with almost all the holy vowes of heaven.

Pol.

Prince of Denmarke.

Pol. I, springes to catch Wood-cockes; I do know
When the blood burnes how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giving more light than heat; extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,
You must not tak't for fire: from this time
Be something scanter of your maiden presence,
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley; for Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeve so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tedder may he walke
Than may be given you: in few *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleeve his vowes, for they are Brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments shew,
But meere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not, in plaine termes, from this time forth
Have you so slander any moments leisure,
As to give words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.

Ophel. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The aire bites shrewdly, it is very cold.

Hora. It is nipping, and an eager aire.

Ham. What houre now?

Hora. I thinke it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is strooke.

Hora. Indeed, I heard it not: it then drawes neere the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk. *A flourish of Trum-*
What does this meane my Lord? *pets, and two pieces goe off.*

Ham. The King doth walke to night, and takes his rowle,
Keepes wassell, and the swaggering up-spring reeles,
And as he draines his draughts of Rhenish downe,
The Kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry is't,

C 2

But

The Tragedy of Hamlet

But to my minde, though I am native here
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honour'd in the breach than the observance:
This heave-headed revell East and West
Makes us traduc'd and taxed of other Nations;
They clepe us Drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soile our addition: and indeed it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute:
So oft it chanceth in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot choose his origen)
By their ore-growth of some complexion,
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit that too much ore-leavens
The forme of plausive manners, that these men
Carrying I say the stampe of one defect,
Being Natures livery, or Fortunes starre,
His vertues else be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of ease
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandall. *Enter Ghost.*

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee aires from heaven, or blasts from hel,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee; Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, royall Dane: O answere me,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
Have burst their cerements: why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath op't his ponderous and marble jawes,

To

Prince of Denmarke.

To cast thee up againe: what may this meane
That thou dead coarſe againe in complete steele
Revivſites thus the glimpses of the moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſoules?
Say why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we doe? *Beckens.*

Hora. It beckens you to goe away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground,
But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not ſpeake, then I will follow it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why? what ſhould be the feare?

I doe not ſet my life at a pins fee:
And for my ſoule, what can it doe to that,
Being a thing immortall like it ſelfe?
It waves me forth againe, Ile follow it.

Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull ſomnet of the cleefe,
That bettels ore his baſe into the ſea,
And there aſſume ſome other horrible forme,
Which might deprive your ſoveraignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſſe? thinke of it,
The very place puts toyces of deſperation
Without more motive, into every braine,
That lookes ſo many fadomes to the ſea,
And heares it roare beneath.

Ham. It waves me ſtill,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You ſhall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hora. Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.

Ham. My fate cryes out,
And makes each petty artery in this body

C 3

As

The Tragedy of Hamlet

As hardy as the *Nemean* Lions nerve:
Still am I call'd; unhand me Gentlemen,
By heaven Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I lay away: Goe on, Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. I ets follow, 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hora. Have after: to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmarke*:

Hora. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay let's follow him.

Exeunt.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speake, Ile goe no further.

Ghost. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My houre is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold,

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Cho. So art thou to revenge when thou shalt heare.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes, done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined lockes to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end
Like quills upon the fearefull Porpentine:
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood: list, list, O list,
If thou didst ever thy deare father love.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. O God!

Gho. Revenge his foule & most unnaturall murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foule, as in the best it is;
But this most foule, strange and unnaturall.

Ham. Hast me to know't, that I with wings as swift
As mediation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweepe to my revenge.

Ghost. I finde thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots it selfe in ease on *Lethe* wharfe,
Wouldst thou not stirre in this: now *Hamlet* heare,
'Tis given out, that sleeping in my Orchard
A Serpent stung me: so the whole eare of *Denmarke*
Is by a forged proceffe of my death
Rankely abused: but know thou, noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Propheticke soule, my uncle!

Ghost. I, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trait'rous gifts,
O wicked wits, and gifts that have the power
So to seduce! won to his shامتull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene.
O *Hamlet*, what a falling off was th: re
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage? and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose naturall gifts were poore
To those of mine! but vertue, as it never will be mov'd
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heaven,
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
Will sort it selfe in a celestia!l bed,
And prey on garbage.
But soft, me thinkes I sent the morning aire,
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within my Orchard,
My custome alwaies of the afternoone,
Upon my secure houre thy uncle stole

With

The Tragedy of Hamlet

With juice of curd Hebona in a Viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure
The leprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as Quick-silver it courses through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth possesse
And curd, like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant Tetter barked about
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.

Thus was I sleeping, by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
Cut off even in the blossomes of my sinne,
Unnuzled, disappointed, un-anueld,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh horrible, O horrible, most horrible,
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,
Let not the royall bed of *Denmarke* be
A couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
But howsomever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy minde, nor let thy soule contrive
Against thy mother ought, leave her to heaven,
And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge,
To pricke and sting her: fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme shewes the matine to be neere,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectuall fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O fie! hold my heart,
And you my sinewes, grow not instant old,
But beare me swiftly up; remember thee!
I thou poore Ghost, whiles memory holds a seat
In this distracted Globe: remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memorie
He wipe away all triviall fond records,

Prince of Denmarke.

All saw of bookes, all formes, all pressuress past,
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the booke and volume of my braine,
Unmixt with baser matter; yes by heaven.
O most pernicious woman!
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine!
My tables, meet it is I set downe,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine;
At least I am sure it may be so in *Denmarke*.
So uncle there you are: now to my word,
It is adieu, adieu, remember me.
I have sworne't.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hora. Heavens secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho boy, come, and come.

Mar. How is't my noble Lord?

Ham. O wonderfull!

Hora. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reveale it.

Hora. Not I my Lord by heaven.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once thinke it?
But you'll be secret.

Both. I by heaven.

Ham. There's never a villaine
Dwelling in all *Denmarke*,
But hee's an arrant Knave.

Hora. There needs no Ghost, my Lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You as your businesse and desire shall point you,
For every man hath businesse and desire,

D

Such

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.

Hora. These are but wild and whurling words my Lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you heartily,
Yes faith heartily.

Hora. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint *Patricke* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence too: touching this vision here,
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is betweene us
Ore-master't as you may: and now good friends,
As you are friends, Scholars, and Souldiers
Give me one poore request.

Hora. What is't my Lord, we will.

Ham. Never make knowne what you have seene to night.

Both. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but swear't.

Hora. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the stage.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, faist thou so? art thou there true penny?
Come on, you heare this fellow in the Selleridge
Consent to swear.

Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.

Ham. Never to speake of this that you have seene,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique*, then wee'll shift our ground:
Come hither Gentlemen

And lay your hands againe upon my sword:

Swear by my sword.

Never to speake of this that you have heard.

Ghost. Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said old Mole, canst thou worke i'th earth so fast?

A wor-

Prince of Denmarke.

A worthy Pioner, once more remove good friends.

Hora. O day and night 'but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome:

There are more things in heaven and earth *Horatio*
Than are dream't of in your Philosophy: but come,
Here as before; never so help you mercy,

(How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe,

As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,

To put an antike disposition on,

That you at such times seeing me, never shall

With armes encombred thus, or head thus shak't,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,

As, well well, we know, or we could and if we would,

Or if we list to speake, or there be and if they might,

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note)

That you know ought of me, this doe sweare,

So grace and mercy at your most need helpe you.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit. So Gentlemen

With all my love I doe commend me to you,

And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is

May doe t'expresse his love and friending to you

God willing shall not lacke: let us goe in together,

And still your fingers on your lips I pray,

The time is out of joint, O cursed spight

That ever I was borne to set it right!

Nay come, lets goe together.

Exeunt.

Enter old Polonius with his man or two.

Pol. Give him this money, and these two notes *Reynaldo*.

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall doe marvellous wisely, good *Reynaldo*,
Before you visit him to make inquire
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My Lord I did intend it.

Pol. Marrie well said, very well said, looke you sir,

Enquire me first what *Danishers* are in *Paris*,

And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,

What company, at what expence: and finding

The Tragedy of Hamlet

By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they doe know my son, come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as't were some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him: Doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say not well,
But if it be he I meane hee's very wilde,
Addicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marry none so ranke
As may dishonour him, take heed of that;
But sir, such wanton, wild, and usuall slips
As are companionous noted and most knowne
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so farre.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandall on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seeme the taints of liberty,
The flash and out-breake of a fiery mind,
A savagenesse in unreclaimed blood
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir here's my drift,
And I beleieve it is a fetch of wit.
You laying these sleight sullies on my sonne,
As'twere a thing a little soild with working,
Mark you, your party in converse, he you would sound,
Having ever scene in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence;

Good

Prince of Denmarke.

Good sir (or so) or friend, or Gentleman,
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and countrey.

Rey. Very good my Lord.

Pol. And then sir does a this, a does: what was I about to say?
By the Masse I was about to say something,
Where did I leave?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence; I marry,

He closes thus, I know the Gentleman

I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,

Or then, or then, with such or such, and, as you say,

There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowle,

There falling out at Tennis, or perchance

I saw him enter such and such a house of sale,

Videlicet, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now,

Your bait of falshood takes this carpe of truth,

And thus doe we of wisdome and of reach,

With windleses, and with essayes of byas,

By indirects finde directions out:

So by my former Lecture and advice

Shall you my sonne. You have me, have you not?

Rey. My Lord I have.

Pol. God buy ye, fare ye well.

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Observe his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his Musicke.

Rey. Well my Lord.

Exit Rey.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farwell. How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

Oph. O my Lord, my Lord, I have bin so affrighted.

Pol. With what i'th name of God?

Ophel. My Lord as I was sowing in my Closer,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head his stockins foul'd,
Ungarred, and downe gyved to his ankle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,

D 3

And

The Tragedy of Hamlet

And with a looke so piteous in purport,
As if he had beene loosed out of hell
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Ophel. My Lord I doe not know,
But truely I doe feare it.

Pol. What said he?

Ophel. He took me by the wrift, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow
He falls to such perusall of my face
As a would draw it: long staid he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus waving up and downe,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being: that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head over his shoulders turn'd
Hee seem'd to finde his way without his eyes;
For out of doores he went without their helpe,
And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extasie of love,
Whose violent property forgoes it selfe,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passions under heaven
That does afflict our natures: I am sorrie;
What? have you given him any hard words of late?

Ophel. No my good Lord, but as you did command,
I did repell his letters, and deni'd
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad:
I am sorrie that with better heed and judgement
I had not coated him; I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee, but beshrew my jealousy;
By heaven it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort

To

Prince of Denmarke.

To lacke discretion: Come, goe we to the King,
This must be knowne, which being kept close might move
More grieve to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter King and Queene, Rosencrans and
Guildensterne.

King. Welcome deare Rosencrans and Guildensterne,
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hastie sending. Something you have heard
Of Hamlets transformation, so I call it,
Sith nor th' exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: what it should be
More than his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himselfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought up with him,
And sith so neighboured to his youth and haviour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That open'd eyes within our remedy.

Que. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres; if it will please you
To shew us so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation should receive such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
Might by the Sovereigne power you have of us
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to intreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our selves in the full bent

To

The Tragedy of Hamlet

To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks *Rosencraus* and gentle *Guildestern*.

Que. Thanks *Guildestern*, and gentle *Rosencraus*.

And I beseech you instantly to visit

My too much changed sonne: goe some of you

And bring these Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices

Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Queen. Amen,

Exeunt Ros. and Guil.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' Embassadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou stil hast bin the Father of good newes.

Pol. Have I my Lord? I assure my good Liege

I hold my duty as I hold my soule,

Both to my God and to my gracious King:

And I doe thinke, or else this braine of mine

Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure

As it hath us'd to doe, that I have found

The very cause of *Hamlets* lunacie.

King. O speake of that, that doe I long to heare.

Pol. Give first admittance to the Embassadors,

My newes shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, & bring them in.

He tels me, my deare *Gertrud*, he hath found

The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine,

His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall fitt him: welcome my good friends;

Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Vol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires:

Upon our first he sent out to suppress

His Nephewes levies, which to him appear'd

To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,

But better lookt into, he truly found

It was against your Highnesse; whereat griev'd

That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence

Was

Prince of Denmarke

Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests

On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in briefe obayes,

Receives rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,

Makes vow before his uncle never more

To give th' assaie of armes against your Majestie:

Whereon old *Norway* overcome with joy

Gives him threescore thousand crowns in annual fee,

And his Commission, to imploy those Souldiers

So levied as before, against the *Pollacke*,

With an entreaty herein further showne,

That it might please you to give quiet passe

Through your dominions for this enterprize

On such regards of safety and allowance

As herein are set downe.

King. It likes us well,

And at our more considered time wee'll read,

Answer, and thinke upon this businesse:

Meane time we thank you for your well took labour,

Goe to your rest, at night wee'll feast together:

Most welcome home.

Exeunt Embassadors.

Pol. This businesse is well ended,

My Liege and Madam, to expostulate

What majestie should be, what duty is,

Why day is day, night night, and time is time,

Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time;

Therefore brevity is the soule of wit,

And tediousnesse the limbes and outward flourishese

I will be briefe: your noble sonne is mad,

Mad call I it, for to define true madnesse,

What is't but to be nothing else but mad?

But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with lesse art.

Pol. Madam I sweare I use no art at all,

That hee's mad 'tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pittie,

And pittie 'tis 'tis true, a foolish figure,

But farewell it, for I will use no art:

Mad let us grant him then, and now remains

That we finde out the cause of this effect,

D

Or

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Or rather say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus
Perpend.

I have a daughter, have while she is mine,
Who in her duty and obedience, marke,
Hath given me this; now gather and surmise.

*To the Celestiall, my soules Idoll, the most beautified Ophelia.
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase: but
you shall heare, thus in her excellent white bosome, These, &c.*

Que en. Camethis from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Madam stay a while, I will be faithfull.

Doubt thou the starres are fire, Letter.

Doubt that the sunne doth move,

Doubt truth to be a lyer,

But never doubt I love.

*O deare Ophelia I am ill at these numbers, I have not art to
reckon my groanes; but that I love thee best, O most best beleve
it: Adieu. Thine evermore most deare Lady, whilest this
machine is to him, Hamlet.*

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter shewn me,
And more about have his sollicitings,
As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All given to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his love?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

King. As of a man faithfull and honourable.

Pol. I would faine prove so; but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hot love on the wing,
As I perceiv'd it (I must tell you that)

Before my daughter told me; what might you

Or my deare Majestie your Queen here thinke,

If I had plaid the deske, or Table-booke,

Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,

Or lookt upon this love with idle sight,

What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,

And my young Mistresse thus I did bespeake:

Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy sphere,

This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,

That

Prince of Denmarke.

That she should locke her selfe from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she tooke the fruits of my advice;
And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnesse, then into a Fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weaknesse,
Thence to a lightnesse, and by this declension
Into the madnesse wherein now he raves,
And all we mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke 'tis this?

Que. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,
That I have positively said, 'tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise,
If circumstances lead me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the Centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together
Here in the Lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time Ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind the Arras then,
Marke the encounter; if he love her not,
And be not from his reason false thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a State,
But keep a Farme and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

Queen. But look where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away,
Ile board him presently. Oh give me leave.

Exit King and

Queen.

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord?

Ham. I fir, to be honest as this world goes
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sunne breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a
good kissing carrion. Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sun, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceive, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that? still harping on my daughter, yet he
knew me not at first, a said I was a fish-monger, a is far gone; and
truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love, very neare
this: Ile speake to him againe. What doe you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my Lord:

Ham. Slanders fir: for the Satyricall Rogue saies here, that old
men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes
purging thicke Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they have a
plentitull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which
fir though I most powerfully and potently beleewe, yet I hold it
not honestie to have it thus set downe, for your selfe fir shall grow
old, as I am, if like a crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, will
you walke out of the aire my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed that's out of the aire; how pregnant sometimes
his replies are? a happines that often madnes hits on, which rea-
son and sanctitie could not so happily be delivered of. I will leave
him and my daughter. My Lord I will take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more
willingly part withall, except my life except my life, except my
life.

Enter Guildenstern and Rosencraus.

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

Ros.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ros. God save your fir.

Guil. My honoured Lord.

Ros. My most deare Lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends, how dost thou *Guyldenstern*?
Ah Rosencraus, good lads how doe you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guyl. Happy in that we are not ever happy on fortunes cap,
We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shooe.

Ros. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her wast, or in the middle of her fa-

Guyl. Faith her privates *we.* (vors.)

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a strum-
pet. What newes?

Ros. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest. (true.)

Ham. Then is Doomes-day neere: but your newes is not
But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elfenour*?

Ros. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thanks, but I thank
you, and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfe-peny:
were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visita-
tion? come, come, deale justly with me, come, come, nay speake.

Guyl. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to'th purpose, you were sent for, and there
is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties have
not craft enough to colour: I know the good King and Queene
have sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me conjure you by the
rights of our fellowships, by the consonancy of our youth, by the
obligation of our ever preserved love, and by what more deare a
better proposer can charge you withall, bee even and direct with
me whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay I'en I have an eie of you, if you love me hold not off.

Guyl. My Lord we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your
discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no fea-
ther:

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ther : I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth seemes to mee a sterill promontorie; this most excellent Canopie the aire, looke you, this brave ore-hanged firmament, this majesticall rooffe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece a worke is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in forme and moving how expresse and admirable! in action how like an Angel! in apprehension how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals; & yet to me what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

Ros. My Lord there was no such stufte in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did ye laugh then, when I said man delights not me?

Ros. To thinke my Lord, if you delight not in man, what Lenten entertainment the Plaiers shall receive from you, we coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you service.

Ham. He that playes the King shall be welcome, his Majestie shall have tribute of mee, the adventurous Knight shall use his foyle and target, the lover shall not sigh gratis, the humorous man shall end his part in peace, and the Lady shall say her mind freely, or the blanke verse shall halt for't. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chanceth it they travell? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Ros. I thinke their inhibition comes by the meanes of the late innovation.

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? are they so followed?

Ros. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mouthes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece for his picture in little: s'blood there is something in this more than naturall, if Philosophy could finde it out.

A Flourish.

Guil. There are the players.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elfenour*, your hands: come then, th'appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony, let me comply with you in this garbe, lest my extent to the Plaiers, which I tell you must shew fairly outwards, should more appeare like entertainment than yours; you are welcome: but my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what my deare Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North North-west, when the wind is Southerly I know a hawke from a hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Harke you *Guyldenstern*, and you too, at each eare a hearer, that great baby as you see is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

Ros. Happely he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesie that he comes to tell me of the Players, marke it: You say right sir, a Munday morning 'twas then indeed.

Pol. My Lord I have newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I have newes to tell you: when *Rossius* was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Upon mine honour.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his asse.

Pol. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall-Comickall, Historical-Pastorall scene indevidable, or Poem unlimited: *Seneca* cannot bee too heavie, nor *Plautus* too light for the law of writ and the liberty; these are the onely men.

Ham. O *Jephtha* Judge of Israel what a treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which hee loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Jephtha*?

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wor, and then you know it came to passe, as most like it was: the first row of the pans chanson will shew

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Shew you more, for looke where my abridgement comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome masters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends; oh old friend! why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to heare mee in *Denmarke*? what my young Lady and Mistresse! my Lady your Ladi-ship is neerer to heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voice, like a peece of uncurrant gold, be not crackt within the ring: masters you are all welcome, wee'll e'en to't like friendly Faulknors, flye at any thing wee see, wee'll have a speech strait, come give us a taste of your quality, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was never a-cted, or if it was, not above once, for the play I remember pleased not the million, 'twas caviary to the generall, but it was as I recei-ved it and others, whose judgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no fallers in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but call'd it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine; one speech in't I chiefly loved, 'twas *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it live in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'ircanian Beast, 'tis not it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pyrrhus*, hee whose sable armes,

Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'ominous horse,
Hath now his dread and blacke complexion smeard
With Heraldry more dismall head to foot:
Now is he totall Gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and embasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their Lords murder, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,

With

Prince of Denmarke.

With eyes like Carbuncle, the hellish *Pyrrhus*,
Old granfire *Priam* seekes; so proceed you.

Pol. Fore God my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good
Play. Anon he finds him (discretion.)

Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lyes where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequall matcht,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell sword
Th'unnerved father falls.

Seeming to feele this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus* care: for loe his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to sticke,
So as a painted tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
Like a neutrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:

But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heavens, the rackes stand still,
The bold wind speechlesse, and the orbe below
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Dorh rend the region: so after *Pyrrhus* pawse,
A rowfed vengeance sets him new aworke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Mars* his armour, forg'd for prooffe eterne,
With lesse remorse than *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! all you gods
In generall synod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes and felloes from her wheele,
And boule the round nave downe the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ha. It shall to the Barbers with your beard: prethee say on, he's
for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps; say on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, ah woe had seene the mobled Queene.

Ham. The mobled Queene!

F

Polo.

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Pol. That's good.

Play. Run barefoot up and downe, threatening the flames,
With Bison rhume, a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lank and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blanket in the alarme of feare caught up.
Who this had seene, with tongue in venome steep,
'Gainst fortunes state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husbands limbes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Unlesse things mortall move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his colour, and has teares
in's eyes: prethee no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile have thee speake out the rest of this soone.
Good my Lord doe you see the Players well bestowed, doe you
heare, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and briebe
Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a
bad Epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My Lord I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man much better, use every man after his
desert, and who shall scape whipping? use them after your owne
honour and dignity, the lesse they deserve the more merit is in
your bounty: Take them in.

Pol. Come firs.

Ham. Follow him friends, wee'll heare a play to morrow; doeſt
thou heare me old friend, can you play the murder of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'll hav't to morrow night: you could for need study
a speech of some dosen lines, or fixteene lines, which I would set
downe and insert in't, could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well: follow that Lord, and looke you mocke him
not. My good friends, Ile leave you till night, you are welcome
to *Elsenour*.

Exeunt Pol. and Players.

Ref.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ref. Good my Lord.

Exit.

Ham. I ſo, God buy to you; now am I alone.

O what a Rogue and pesant slave am I!

Is it not monſtrous that this Player here

But in a fiction, in a dreame of paſſion,

Could force his ſoule ſo to his owne conceit,

That from her working all the viſage wand,

Teares in his eyes, diſtraction in's aſpect,

A broken voice, and his whole function ſuting

With formes to his conceit, and all for nothing,

For *Hecuba*?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,

That he ſhould weep for her? what would he doe

Had he the motive, and that for paſſion

That I have? he would drown the ſtage with teares,

And cleave the generall eare with horrid ſpeech,

Make mad the guilty, and appeale the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed

The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,

A dull and muddy metled raskall, peake

Like *John-a-dreames*, unpregnant of my cauſe,

And can ſay nothing, no not for a King,

Upon whoſe property and moſt deare life

A damn'd defeat was made: am I a coward?

Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate acroſſe,

Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,

Twekes me by'th noſe, gives me the lye i'th throat

As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?

Hah? ſ' wounds I ſhould take it, for it cannot be

But I am pigeon liver'd, and lacke gall

To make oppreſſion bitter, or ere this

I ſhould have fatted all the region Kites

With this ſlaves offall: bloody, bawdy villaine,

Remorſleſſe, trecherous, lecherous, kindleſſe villain.

Why what an Aſſe am I? this is moſt brave,

That I the ſonne of a deare father murdered,

Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,

Muſt like a whore unpacke my heart with words,

F 2

And

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And fall a cursing like a very drabbe, stallion, fie upon't, foh.
About my braines, hum, I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a Play
Have by the very cunning of the Scene
Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther though it have no tongue will speake
With most miraculous organ. Ile have these Players
Play something like the murther of my father
Before mine uncle: Ile observe his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
I know my courſe. The spirit that I have ſcene
May be a divell, and the divell hath power
T'assume a pleasing ſhape, yea and perhaps
Out of my weakneſſe and my melancholly,
As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,
Abuſes me to damne me: Ile have grounds
More relative than this, the Play's the thing
Wherein Ile catch the conſcience of the King. *Exit.*

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſencrans, Gyl-
denſterne, Lords.*

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his daies of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?

Roſ. He does confeſſe he fees himſelfe diſtracted,
But from what cauſe he will by no meanes ſpeake.

Gyl. Nor doe we find him forward to be ſounded;
But with a crafty madneſſe keepes aloofe
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
Of his true eſtate.

Quee. Did he receive you well?

Roſ. Moſt like a Gentleman.

Gyl. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

Roſ. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.

Quee. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?

Roſ. Madam, it ſo fell out that certaine Players

Prince of Denmarke.

We ore-raught on the way, of theſe we told him,
And there did ſeeme in him a kind of joy:
To heare of it; they are here about the Court,
And as I thinke they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis moſt true,
And he beſeecht me to entreat your Majeſties
To heare and ſee the matter.

King. With all my heart,
And it doth much content me,
To heare him ſo inclin'd:
Good Gentlemen give him a further edge,
And drive his purpoſe into theſe delights.

Roſ. We ſhall my Lord. *Exeunt Roſ. & Gyl.*

King. Sweet Gertrard leave us two,
For we have cloſely ſent for Hamlet hither,
That he as 'twere by accident may here
Affront Ophelia; her father and my ſelfe,
Wee'll ſo beſtow our ſelves, that ſeeing unſcene
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him as he is behav'd,
If't be th'affliction of his love or no
That thus he ſuffers for.

Quee. I ſhall obey you:
And for my part Ophelia I doe wiſh
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of Hamlets wildneſſe, ſo ſhall I hope your vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.

Ophel. Madam, I wiſh it may.

Pol. Ophelia walk you here: gracious ſo pleaſe you
We will beſtow our ſelves; read on this Booke,
That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your loneliness: we are oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotions viſage,
And pious action we doe ſugar o're
The divell himſelfe.

King. O 'tis too true:

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How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience
The harlots cheek beautied with plastring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heave burden!

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I hear him coming, withdraw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,
Or to take armes against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: To dye to sleepe
No more; and by a sleepe to say we end
The heart-ake, and the thousand naturall shokes
That flesh is heire to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wisht, to dye to sleepe,
To sleep perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreames may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortall coyle
Must give us pause, there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
Th'oppressors wrong, the proud mans contumely,
The pangs of despised love, and the Lawes delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurnes
That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
When as himselfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels beare,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd Countrey, from whose borne
No traveller returns, puzzels the will
And makes us rather beare those ills we have,
Than flye to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards,
And thus the native hiew of resolution
Is sicklied ore with the pale cast of thought:
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their currents turne awry,

And

Prince of Denmarke.

And lose the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*, Nymph in thy Orizons?
Be all my sins remembred?

Ophel. Good my Lord,

How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you, well.

Ophel. My Lord I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver,
I pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, not I, I never gave you ought.

Ophel. My honour'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composed
As made these things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these againe: for to the noble minde
Rich gifts waxe poore when givers prove unkind.
There my Lord,

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest?

Ophel. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophel. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you bee honest and faire, you should admit no
discourse to your beauty.

Ophel. Could beauty my Lord have better commerce
Than with honestie.

Ham. I truly, for the power of beaurtie will sooner transforme
honestie from what it is to a baud, than the force of honestie can
translate beauty to his likenesse; this was sometime a Paradoxe,
but now the time gives it prooffe. I did love you once.

Ophel. Indeed my Lord you made me beleeve so.

Ham. You should not have beleeved mee, for vertue cannot so
evacuate our old stocke but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Ophel. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry, why wouldst thou be a breeder of sin-
ners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me
of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I
am very proud, revengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my
beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give the
shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellowes as I doe
crawling.

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crawling between earth and heaven? we are arrant Knaves, beleeve none of us, go thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Ophel. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut upon him, That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house: Farewell.

Ophel. O helpe him you sweet heavens.

Ham. If thou dost marry, Ile give thee this plague for thy dowry, be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny, get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marrie a foole, for wisemen know well enough what monsters you make of them: to a Nunry, goe, and quickly too, farewell.

Ophel. Heavenly powers restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your paintings well enough: God hath given you one face, and you make your selves another, gig and amble, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnesse ignorance; go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad: I say we will have no moe marriages, those that are married already all but one shall live, the rest shall keepe as they are: to a Nunrie goe. *Exit.*

Ophel. O what a noble minde is here orethrowne! The Courtiers, Souldiers, Scholars, eie, tongue, sword, Th'expectation and Rose of the faire state, The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme, Th'observ'd of all observers, quite, quite downe, And I of Ladies most deject and wretched, That suckt the honey of his Musicke vowes; Now see what noble and most soveraigne reason Like sweet bells jangled out of time, and harsh, That unmatched forme and stature of blowne youth Blasted with extasie. O woe is me T'have seen what I have seen, see what I see! *Exit.*

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections doe not that way tend, For what he spake, though it lackt forme a little, Was not like madness, there's something in his soule Ore which his melancholy sits on brood, And I doe doubt the hatch and the disclose

Will

Prince of Denmarke.

Will be some danger; which for to prevent I have in quicke determination Thus set downe: he shall with speed to England, For the demand of our neglected tribute: Haply the Seas and Countries different, With variable objects shall expell This something fetled matter in his heart, Whereon his braines still beating, Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well:

But yet I doe beleeve the origen and commencement of it Sprung from neglected love: how now *Ophelia*? You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* said, We heard it all: my Lord doe as you please, But if you hold it fit, after the Play Let his Queen-mother all alone entreat him To shew his griefe; let her be round with him, And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the eare Of all their conference: if she find him not, To England send him, or confine him where Your wisdome best shall think.

King. It shall be so, Madnesse in great ones must not unmatched goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as lieve the Towne-crier spoke my lines: nor do not saw the aire too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent tempest, and, as I may say, whirle-wind of your passion you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothnesse: O it offends mee to the soule to heare a robustious Perwig-pated fellow teare a passion to tatters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the ground-lings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe shewes and noise: I would have such a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant, it out-
Herods Herod, pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

G

Ham.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-step not the modestie of Nature: For any thing so ore-done is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at first, and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour up to nature, to shew vertue her feature, scorne her owne image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and presture: now this over-done, or come tardy of, though it makes the unskilfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I have seene play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures Journey-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O reforme it altogether: and let those that play your Clownes speake no more than is set downe for them, for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time some necessary question of the Play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shewes a most pitifull ambition in the Foole that uses it: goe, make you ready. How now my Lord? will the King heare this piece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Gyldesterne, and Rosencrans.

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. Will you two help to hasten

Ros. I my Lord. *Exeunt those two.* (them)

Ham. What hoe, **Horatio**?

Hora. Here sweet Lord, at your service.

Ham. **Horatio**, thou art een as just a man

As ere my conversation cop't withall.

Hora. O my deare Lord.

Ham. Nay, doe not thinke I flatter;

For what advancement may I hope from thee

That no revenue hast but thy good spirits

To feed and cloath thee? why should the poor be flattered?

No,

Prince of Denmarke.

No, let the candied tongue licke absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning: doest thou heare?
Since my deare soule was Mistris of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
Sh'ath seal'd thee for her selfe: for thou hast bin
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing;
A man that fortunes buffets and rewards
Hast ta'n with equall thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well comedled
That they are not a pipe for fortunes finger,
To sound what stop she please: give me that man
That is not passions slave, and I will weare him
In my hearts core, I, in my heart of heart,
As I doe thee. Something too much of this:
There is a play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my Fathers death;
I prethee when thou seest that Act on foot
Even with the very comment of thy soule
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe unkennell in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we have seene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* stithy: give him heedfull note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And after we will both our judgements joine
In censure of his seeming.

Hora. Well my Lord,
If a steale ought the whilst this Play is playing!
And scape detection, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drums, King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are comming to the play, I must be idle.
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cousin **Hamlet**?

Ham. Excellent ifaith,
Of the Cameleons dish, I eat the aire,

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Promise-cram'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You plai'd once in the University you say.

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Caesar*, I was kill'd i'th Capitoll;
Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calf there,
Be the Players ready?

Ros. I my Lord, they stay upon your patience.

Ger. Come hither my deare *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother, here's metall more attractive.

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lye in your lap?

Ophel. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant Countrey matters?

Ophel. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to lye between maids legs.

Ophel. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophel. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Ophel. I my Lord.

Ham. O God! your onely Jig-maker, what should a man doe
but be merry: for looke you how cheerfully my mother lookes,
and my father died within's two houres.

Ophel. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths my Lord.

Ham. So long! nay then let the divell weare black, for Ile have
a sute of fables: O heavens! dye two months agoe, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope a great mans memory may out-live
his life halfe a yeere; but ber Lady a minst build Churches then, or
else shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose E-
pitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

The Trumpets sound. Dumbes shew followes.

*Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he
her, he takes her up, and declines his head upon her necke, he lyes*
him

Prince of Denmarke.

him downe upon a banke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaves
him: anon comes in another man, takes off his Crowne, kisses it,
poures poison in the sleepers eares, and leaves him: the *Queen* re-
turnes, findes the King dead, makes passionate action, the poisoner
with some three or foure comes in again, seem to condole with her,
the dead body is carried away, the poisoner woos the *Queene* with
gifts, she seemes harsh a while, but in the end accepts love.

Ophel. What meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry it is munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischief.

Ophel. Belike this shew imports the argument of the Play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*

The Players cannot keepe, they'll tell all.

Ophel. Will a tell us what this shew meant?

Ha. I, or any shew that you will shew him, be not you asham'd
to shew, hee'll not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophel. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Prologue. For us and for our Tragedy,

Here stooping to your clemency,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Ophel. 'Tis brieft my Lord.

Ham. As womans love.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phæbus* Cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirty dozen Moones with borrowed sheene
About the world have twelve times thirty been,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Unite commutually in most sacred bands.

Que. So many journies may the Sun and Moone
Make us againe count ore ere love be done:
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your former state,
That I distrust you; yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord, it nothing must.
For women feare too much, even as they love,
And womans feare and love hold quantity,
Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Now what my love is proove hath made you know,
And as my love is ciz'd my feare is so:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are feare;
Where little feares grow great, great love grows there.

King. Faith I must leave thee love, and shortly too,
My operant powers their functions leave to doe,
And thou shalt live in this faire world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou.

Quee. O confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast.
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second but who kill'd the first:
The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead
When second husband kisses me in bed.

King. I do beleewe you thinke what now you speak,
But what we doe determine oft we breake,
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity;
Which now the fruit unripe stickes on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay our selves what to our selves is debt;
What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending doth the purpose lose;
The violence of either griefe or joy
Their owne enactures with themselves destroy;
Where joy most revells griefe doth most lament:
Griefe joy, joy griefes, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change:
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man downe, you marke his favourite flies,
The poore advanc'd makes friends of enemies:
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,

Ham. That's
wormwood.

Prince of Denmarke.

For who not needs shall never lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates doe so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrowne:
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But dye thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repose locke from me day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blankes the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy;
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife, *Ham.* If she should
If once I be a widow, ever I be a wife. break it now.

King. 'Tis deeply sworne: sweet leave me here a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.

Quee. Sleep rocke thy braine;
And never come mischance betweene us twaine. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much me thinkes.

Ham. O but shee'll keepe her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they doe but jest, poison in jest, no offence i'th

King. What doe you call the play? (world.

Ham. The Mouse-trap; marry how? tropically. This play is the
image of a murder done in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name,
his wife *Baptista*, you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work,
but what of that? your Majestie and we shall have free soules, it
touches us not; let the galled jade winch, our withers are un-
wring. This is one *Lucianus* Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Ophel. You are as good as a *Chorus* my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your love
If I could see the puppets dallying.

Ophel.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ophel. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off mine edge.

Ophel. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Begin murtherer, leave thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking raven doth bel- low for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing, Considerate season, else no creature seeing, Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weeds collected, With *Hecats* bane thrice blasted, thrice infected, Thy naturall magicke, and dire property, On wholsome life usurps immediately.

Ham. A poisons him i'th garden for his estate, his name's *Gonzaa- go*, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the love of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Ophel. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give ore the play.

King. Give me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham & Horatio.*

Ham. Why let the stricken Deere goe weep, The Hart ungalled play,

For some must watch whilest some must sleep,

Thus runs the world away. Would not this fir, and a Forrest of fea- thers, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with provincial

Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a city of plaiers?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou doest know O *Damon* deare

This realme dismantled was

Of *Jove* himselfe, and now raignes here

A very very paiocke.

Hora. You might have rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand

pound. Didst perceive?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talke of the poisoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Ah ha, come some musicke, come the Recorders,

For if the King likes not the Comedy,

Why then belike he likes it not perdie.

Come, some musicke.

Enter Rosencrans and Gyldesterne.

Gyl. Good my Lord vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole Historie.

Gyl. The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Gyl. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Gyl. No my Lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it selfe more richer to sig- nifie this to the Doctor; for for mee to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

Gyl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,

And stare not so wildly upon my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Gyl. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spi- rit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Gyl. Nay good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed, if it shall please you to make mee a wholsome answer, I will doe your mothers commandement, if not, your pardon and my re- turne shall be the end of the businesse.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord?

Ha. Make you a wholsome answer, my wit's diseas'd, but sir, such answer as I can make you shall command, or rather as you say, my mother; therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she saies, your behaviour hath strooke her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderfull sonne that can so astonish a mother! but is there no sequell at the heels of this mothers admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother; have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My Lord you once did love me.

H

Ham.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my Lord what is your cause of distemper? you doe surely barre the doore upon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himselfe for your succession in *Denmarke*?

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I sir, but while the grasse growes; the proverbe is something musty: oh the Recorders, let me see one, to withdraw with you; why doe you goe about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toile?

Gu. O my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly

Ha. I do not well understand that: will you play upon this pipe?

Guy. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guy. Beleeve me I cannot.

Ham. I beseech you.

Guy. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; govern these ventages with your fingers and the thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick: look you, these are the stops.

Guy. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now how unworthy a thing you make of me, you would play upon me, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the heart of my mysterie, you would sound mee from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musicke, excellent voice in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speake, s'bloud do you think I am easier to be plaid on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you fret me not, you cannot play upon me. God blesse you sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ha. Do you see yonder clond that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By'th masse and 'tis like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is blacke like a Wezell.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by; They foole me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by, Leave me friends.

I will, say so. By and by is easly said.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Church-yards yawne, and hell it selfe breathes out
Contagion to the world: now could I drinke hot blood,

And doe such businesse as the bitter day

Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,

O heart lose not thy nature! let not ever

The soule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome!

Let me be cruell, not unnaturall.

I will speake daggers to her, but use none,

My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites;

How in my words soever she be shent,

To give them seales never my soule consent.

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madnesse range; therefore prepare you,
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to *England* shall along with you,
The tearmes of our estate may not endure
Hazzard so neare us as doth hourelly grow
Out of his browes.

Guy. We will our selves provide;

Most holy and religions feare it is

To keepe those many many bodies safe

That live and feed upon your Majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound

With all the strength and armour of the mind

To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more

That spirit, upon whose weale depends and rests

The lives of many: the cesse of Majesty

Dyes not alone, but like a gulfe doth draw

What's neare it with it: or it is a masse wheele,

Fixt on the somnet of the highest mount,

H 2

To

The Tragedy of Hamlet

To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are morteft and adjoin'd, which when it falls,
Each small annexment, pettie consequence
Attends the boiftrous raine, never alone
Did the King figh, but a generall grone.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy voiage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free footed.

Rof. We will make hafte.

Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord hee's going to his mothers clofet,
Behind the Arras Ile convey my felfe
To heare the proceffe, Ile warnt thee 'I tax him home;
And as you faid, and wifely was it faid,
'Tis meet that fome more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, fhould ore-heare
The fpeech of vantage; fare you well my Liege,
Ile call upon you ere you goe to bed,
And tell you what I heare.

Exit.

King. Thankes deare my Lord.

O my offence is ranke, it fmels to heaven,
It hath the primall eldeft curfe upon't;
A brothers murder: pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will,
My ftronger guilt defeats my ftrong intent;
And like a man to double bufineffe bound,
I ftand in pause where I fhall firft begin,
And both neglect: what if this curfed hand
Were thicker than it felfe with brothers blood?
Is there not raine enough in the fweet heavens
To wafh it white as fnow? where to ferves mercy,
But to confront the vilage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
To be foreftalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe? then Ile looke up:
My fault is paff: but oh! what forme of prayer
Can ferve my turne? forgive me my foule murder?
That cannot be, fince I am ftill poffeff

Prince of Denmarke.

Of thofe affects for which I did the murder,
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardoned and retaine th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offences guided hand may fhew by juftice,
And oft 'tis feene the wicked prize it felfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not fo above,
There is no fhuffling, there the action lyes
In his true nature, and we our felves compeld
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence: what then? what refts?
Try what repentance can; what can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
O wretched ftate! O bofome blacke as death!
O limed foule! that ftuggling to be free,
Art more ingaged! helpe Angels, make affay,
Bow ftubborn knees, and hearts with ftirings of fteele.
Be foft as finnewes of the new-borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, but now a is praying,
And now Ile do't, and fo a goes to heaven,
And fo am I reveng'd? that would be fcann'd;
A villaine kills my father, and for that
I his fole fonne doe this fame villaine fend
To heaven:
Why this is bafe and filly, — not revenge:
A tooke my father groffely, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blowne, as flufh as May,
And how his audit ftands who knowes fave heaven?
But in our circumftance and courfe of thought,
'Tis heavie with him; and am I then reveng'd
To take him in the purging of his foule,
When he is fit and feafoned for his paffage?
No,
Up fword, and know thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, afleep, or in his rage,
Or in th'inceftuous pleafure of his bed,
At game, a fwearing, or about fome act

That

The Tragedy of Hamlet

That has no relish of salvation in't,
Then trip him that his heele may kicke at heaven,
And that his soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As hell whereto it goes: my mother staves,
This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes.

King. My words flye up, my thoughts remaine below,
Words without thoughts never to heaven goe.

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Pol. A will come frait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks have bin too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood betweene
Much heat and him. Ile silence me even here,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile warrant you, feare me not,
Withdraw, I heare him comming.

Ham. Now mother what's the matter?

Ger. Hamlet thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother you have my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Goe, goe, you question with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood not so,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.

Ger. Nay then Ile set those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not budge,
You goe not till I set you up a glasse

Where you may see the most part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me?
Helpe ho.

Pol. What hoe helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Ducket, dead,

Pol. O I am flaine.

Ger. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Ger. O what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Ger. As kill a King?

Ham. I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,

Iooke thee for thy better, take thy forrune,

Thou findest to be too busie is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,

And let me wring your hearr, for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuffe,

If damned custome have not braz'd it so,

That it be prooffe and bulwarke against sense.

Ger. What have I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue

In noife so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,

Calls vertue hypocrite, takes off the Rose

From the faire forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes

As false as Dicers oathes: Oh such a deed

As from the body of contraction pluckes

The very soule, and sweet Religion makes

A rapodie of words, heavens face does glow

Ore this solidity and compound masse

With heated visage, as against the doome,

Is thought-licke at the act.

Quee. Ayme, what act?

Ha. That roares so loud, and thunders in the Index:

Looke here upon this picture, and on this,

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers;

See what a grace was seated on his brow,

Hiperions curls, the front of *Jove* himselfe,

An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,

A station like the Herald *Mercury*

New lighted on a heave, a kissing hill,

A combination and forme indeed

Where every god did seeme to set his seale,

To give the world assurance of a man.

This

The Tragedy of Hamlet

This was your husband: look you now what follows,
Here is your husband, like a mildew'd eare,
Blasting his wholsome brother: have you eyes?
Could you on this faire mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moore? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgement; and what judgement
Would step from this to this? sense sure you have,
Else could you not have motion, but sure that sense
Is apoplext, for madnesse would not erre,
Nor sense to extasie was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
To serve in such a difference: What divell was't
That thus hath couzen'd you at hodman-blind?
Eies without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling fans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope. Oh shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones
To flaming youth, let vertue be as waxe
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsive ardure gives the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actively doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O Hamlet speake no more,
Thou turn'st my very eyes into my soule,
And there I see such blacke and grieved spots
As will leave there their tinct.

Ham. Nay but to live
In the ranke sweat of an incestuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
Over the nasty stye.

Ger. O speake to me no more,
These words like daggers enter in mine eares,
No more sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,

A slave

Prince of Denmarke.

A slave that is not twentieth part the kyth
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A Cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelve the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket. *Enter Ghost.*

Ham. A King of shreds and patches.
Save me and hover ore me with your wings
You heavenly guards: what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alasse hee's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardie sonne to chide,
That lap't in time, and passion lets goe by
Th'important acting of your dread command? O say!

Ghost. Doe not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits;
O step betweene her and her sighing soule!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes.
Speake to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Ger. Alasse how is't with you,
That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall aire do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peepe,
And as the sleeping Souldiers in th'alarme,
Your beaded haire like life in excrements
Starts up and stands an end: O gentle sonne!
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience: whereon doe you looke?

Ham. On him, on him, look you how pale he gleres,
His forme and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable; doe not look upon me,
Left with this piteous action you convert
My sterne effects; then what I have to doe
Will want true colour, teares perchance for blood.

Ger. To whom doe you speake this?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there?

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is there I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

I.

Ger.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ger. No nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liv'd,
Looke where he goes, even now out at the portall. *Exit Ghost.*

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodiless creation extasie is very cunning in.

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthfull musick: it is not madnesse
That I have uttred, bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madnesse
Would gambole from. Mother, for love of grace
Lay not this flattering unction to your soule,
That not your trespass but my madnesse speakes;
It will but skin and filme the ulcerous place,
Whiles ranke corruption mining all within
Infects unseene: confesse your selfe to heaven,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
And doe not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker: forgive me this my vertue,
For in the fatnesse of these purfie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon begge,
Yea coub and woode for leave to doe him good.

Ger. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And leave the purer with the other halfe!
Goodnight, but goe not to my uncles bed,
Assume a vertue if you have it not,
That monster custome, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits divell, is Angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions faire and good
He likewise gives a frotcke or Livery:
That aptly is put on: refrain to night,
And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse
To the next abstinence, the next more easie;
For use almost can change the stampe of nature,
And master the Divell, or throw him out
With wondrous potency: Once more goodnight,
And when you are desirous to be blest

Prince of Denmarke

He blessing beg of you: for this same Lord,
I doe repent, but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister:
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him; so againe good night.
I must be cruell onely to be kinde,
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One word more good Lady.

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King tempt you to bed againe,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechy kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravell all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft; 'twere good you let him know,
For who that's but Queen, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a Bat, a Gib,
Such deare concernings hide? who would doe so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecie
Unpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds flye, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou assur'd if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that.

Ger. Alacke I had forgot,
'Tis so concluded on.

Ha. There's letters seal'd, & my two school-fellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They beare the mandare, they must sweep my way,
And marshall me to knavery; let it worke,
For 'tis the sport, to have the Enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard

The Tragedy of Hamlet

But I will delve one yard below their Mines,
And blow them at the Moone: O 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet.
This man shall set me packing,
Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother good night indeed, this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in's life a most foolish prating knave.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother.

Exit.

*Enter King and Queen, with Rosencraus
and Gyldesterne.*

King. There's matter in these fighes, these profound heaves,
You must translate, 'tis fit we understand them:
Where is your sonne?

Gert. Bestow this place on us a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what have I seene to night?

King. What *Gertrard*, how does *Hamlet*?

Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier in his lawlesse fit,
Behind the Arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The unseene good old man.

King. O heavie deed!
It had been so with us had we been there,
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man: but so much was our love
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Gert. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
Ore whom his very madnesse, like some Ore

Among

Prince of Denmarke.

Among a minerall of metall base,
Shewes it selfe pure; a weeps for what is done.

King. *Gertrard* come away,
The Sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed
We must with all our Majestie and skill *Enter Ros. & Gyldest.*
Both countenance and excuse. Ho *Gyldesterne*,
Friends both, goe joine with you some farther aide,
Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,
And from his mothers closet hath he drag'd him;
Goe seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you hast in this:
Come *Gertrard*, wee'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe,
And what's untimely done,
Whose whisper ore the worlds Diameter,
As levell as the Cannon to his blanke
Transports his poysoned shot, may misse our name,
And hit the woundlesse aire: O come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others.

Ha. Safely stow'd: but softly, what noise? who calls on *Hamlet*?
O here they come.

Ros. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto it is kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell:

Ham. Doe not beleeeve it.

Ros. Beleeeve what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsell and not mine owne; be-
sides, to bee demanded of a sponge, what replication should bee
made by the sonne of a King?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge my Lord?

Ha. I sir, that sokes up the Kings countenance, his rewards, his
authorities: but such Officers doe the King best service in the end,
he keeps them like an apple in the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd
to be last swallowed; when he needs what you have gleaned, it is
but squeezing you, and sponge you shall be dry againe.

I 3

Ros.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ros. I understand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My Lord you must tell us where the body is, and goe with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body: the King is a thing.

Guy. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him.

Exeunt.

Enter King and two or three.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body;
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose?
Yet must we not put the strong law on him,
Hee's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes,
And where 'tis so, th'offenders scourge is waigh'd,
But never the offence: to beare all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seeme
Deliberate pause; diseases desperate growne
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus, and all the rest.

King. How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, bring in the Lord.

They enter.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? where?

Ha. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certain convocation of politick worms are een at him: your worme is your only Emperour for diet. We eat all creatures else to fat us, and wee eat our selves for maggots; your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eat of a King,
eat

Prince of Denmarke.

eat of the fish that hath fed of that worme.

King. What doest thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progresse through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven, send thither to see, if your messenger find him not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe: but indeed if you find him not within this moneth, you shall nose him as you go up the staires into the Lobby.

King. Goe seeke him there.

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet this deed for thine especial safety,
Which we doe tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence:
Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barke is ready, and the winde at helpe,
Th'associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees them: but come, for England:
Farewell deare mother.

King. Thy loving father Hamlet.

Ham. My mother, father and mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one flesh, and so my mother.
Come, for England.

Exit.

King. Follow him at foot,
Tempt him with speed aboard,
Delay it not, Ile have him hence to night:
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leanes on the affaire; pray you make haste:
And England, if my love thou holdst at ought,
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Paies homage to us, thou maiest not coldly set

Our

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Our Sovereigne processe, which imports at full
By letters congruing to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet*, doe it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
How ere my haps, my joyes will nere begin. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army over the Stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,
Tell him that by his licence *Fortinbrasse*
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdome; you know the rendezvous,
If that his Majestie would ought with us
We shall expresse our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doe't my Lord.

Fortin. Goe softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of *Norway* sir.

Ham. How propos'd sir I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commands them sir?

Cap. The Nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. Goes it against the maine of *Poland* sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name,
To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it,
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollack* never will defend it.

Cap. Nay 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand soules and 20000. duckets
Will not debate the question of this straw;
This is th'impostume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes and shewes no cause without
Why the man dyes. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap.

Prince of Denmarke.

Cap. God buy your sir.

Ros. Will't please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.

How all occasions doe informe against me,
And spur my dull revenge? What is a man,
If his chiefe good and marker of his time
Be but to sleepe and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like reason
To fast in us unus'd: now whether it be
Bestiall oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward: I doe not know
Why yet I live to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
To doe't: examples grosse as earth exhort me,
Witnesse this army of such masse and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition pufft
Makes mouthes at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortall and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egge-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to finde quarrell in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasie and trick of fame
Goe to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the slaine? O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

K

Enter

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed distract, her mood will needs be pittied.

Quee. What would she have?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares
There's trickes i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enviously at strawes, speakes things in doubtr
That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words up fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. "To my sicke soule, as sins true nature is,
"Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse;
"So full of artlesse jealousie is guilt,
"It spills it selfe in fearing to be spilt.

Ophel. Where is the beauteous majesty of *Denmarke*?

Quee. How now *Ophelia*? *She sings.*

Ophel. How should I your true love know from another one?
By his cocklehat and staffe, and by his sendall shoone.

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Ophel. Say you, nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grasse-greene turfe, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.

Song.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Oph. Pray you mark. White his shrowd as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas, looke here my Lord.

Ophel. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not goe,
With true love showers.

Song.

King.

Prince of Denmarke.

King. How doe you pretty Lady.

Ophel. Well, good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers
daughter: Lord, we know what wee are, but know not what wee
may be. God be at your table.

King. Conceit upon her father.

Ophel. Pray let's have no words of this, but when they ask you
what it meanes, say you this.

To morrow is *S. Valentines* day,

Song.

All in the morning betime,

And I a maid at your window

To be your *Valentine*.

Then up he rose, and dond his clothes, and dupt the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maide, never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Ophel. Indeed, without an oath, Ile make an end on't.
By gis and by Saint Charity,
alacke and fie for shame,

Young men will doe't if they come to't,
by cocke they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me you promis'd me to wed.

(He answers.) So should I a done, by yonder sun
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient: but I cannot
chuse but weep to think they would lay him i'th cold ground; my
brother shall know of it, & so I thank you for your good counsell.
Come my coach, good night Ladies, good night,
Sweet Ladies good night, good night.

King. Follow her close, give her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poyson of deep griefe, it springs all from her fathers
death: and now behold O *Gertrard*, *Gertrard*,
When sorrowes come they come not single spies,
But in battalians: first, her father slaine,
Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent author
Of his owne just remove; the people muddied,
Thicke and unwholsome in thoughts and whispers
For good *Polonius* death, & we have done but greenly
In hugger mugger to interre him; poore *Ophelia*

K 2

Divi-

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Divided from her selfe and her faire judgement,
Without which we are but pictures, or meere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from *France*,
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himselfe in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessity of matter beggerd
Will nothing sticke our person to arraigne
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a Murdring-Peece in many places
Gives me superfluous death. *A noise within.*

Enter Messenger.

King. Attend, where are my Swissers? let them guard the door,
What is the matter?

Messen. Save your selfe my Lord.
The Ocean over-peering of his list
Eates not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-bears your Officers; the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry chusewe *Laertes* to be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Que. How cheerfully on the false traile they cry, *A noise within.*
O this is counter you false Danish dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? firs stand you all without.

All. No let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you, keep the doore. O thou vile King
Give me my father.

Que. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calme proclaimes me bastard,
Cries

Prince of Denmarke.

Cries Cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Even here between the chaste unsmerched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*
That thy rebellion looks so Giant-like?
Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe not feare our person,
There's such divinity doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will: tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incens't: let him goe *Gertrard*,
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be jugled with:
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest Divell,
Conscience and grace to the profoundest pit,
Idare damnation, to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely Ile be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well
They shall goe farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your deare father, is't writ in your revenge,
That soop-stake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide Ile ope my armes,
And like the kinde life-rendring Pelican
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,

The Tragedy of Hamlet

And am most sensible in griefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your judgement pearce
As day does to your eye. *A noise within.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now? what noise is that?
O heat dry up my braines, teares seven times salt
Burne out the sense and vertue of mine eye:
By heaven thy madnesse shall be paid with waight
Till our scale turne the beame. O Rose of May!
Deare maid, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*!
O heavens! is't possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!

Ophel. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere,
And in his grave rain'd many a teare.
Fare you well my Dove.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade revenge
It could not move thus.

Ophel. You must sing a downe, a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the false steward that stole his Masters' daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Ophel. There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray you
love remember, and there's Pancies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennill for you, and Columbines, there's Rew for
you, and here's some for mee, wee may call it herbe of Grace a
Sundayes, you may weare your Rew with a difference; there's a
Dafie: I would give you some Violets, but they witherd all when
my father died; they say a made a good end.
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thoughts and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe
She turnes to favour and to prettinesse.

Ophel. And will a not come againe,
And will a not come againe,

No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He never will come againe.

His beard was as white as snow,

Song.

Song.

Flaxen

Prince of Denmarke.

Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away moane,
God a mercy on his soule, and all Christian soules.
God buy you.

Laer. Doe you this O God?

King. Laertes I must commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right; goe but a part.
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall heare and judge 'twixt you and me,
If by direct or by collaterall hand
They finde us toucht, we will our kingdome give,
Our Crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soule
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No Trophey, sword, nor Hatchment ore his bones;
No noble right, nor formall ostentation
Cry to be heard as 'twere from earth to heaven,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall,

And where th' offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. What are they that would speake with me?

Gen. Sea-faring men sir, they say they have Letters for you.

Hora. Let them come in.

I doe not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*. *Enter Saylers.*

Say. God blesse you sir.

Hora. Let him blesse thee too:

Say. A shall sir an't please him. There's a letter for you sir, it
came from the Embassadour that was bound for England, if your
name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. Horatio, when thou shalt have over-look't this, give these
fellowes some meanes to the King, they have Letters for him. Ere
wee

The Tragedy of Hamlet

we were two dayes old at sea, a Pirat of very warlike appoint-
ment gave us chase. Finding our selves too slow of saile, we put on
a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: in the in-
stant they got cleere of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner.
They have dealt with me like theeves of mercy, but they knew
what they did; I am to do a turne for them. Let the King have the
Letters I have sent, and repaire thou to me with as much speed as
thou wouldst flye death. I have words to speake in thine eare will
make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord of the
matter, these good-fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Rosen-
craus* and *Guyldensterne* hold their course for *England*, of them I
have much to tell thee. Farewell.

*So that thou knowest thine,
Hamlet.*

Hora. Come, I will make you way for these your Letters;
And doe't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seale,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me
Why you proceed not against these feates
So criminall and capitall in nature,
As by your safety, greatnesse, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stir'd up.

King. O for two speciall reasons,
Which may to you perhaps seem much unfinnow'd,
But yet to me tha're strong: the Queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is so conclave to my life and soule,
That as the starre moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her: the other motive
Why to a publike count I might not goe,
Is the great love the generall gender beare him,

Who

Prince of Denmarke.

Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Worke like the Spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly timbered for so loved armes,
Would have reverted to my bow againe,
But not where I have aim'd them.

Laer. And so I have a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate tearmes,
Whose worth, if praises may goe backe again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleeps for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our beards be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime: you shortly shall heare more.
I lov'd your father, and we love our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Mess. These to your Majesty, this to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet*? who brought them?

Mess. Sailers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were given me by *Claudio*, he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them: leave us.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your King-
dome: to morrow shall I beg leave to see your Kingly eyes, when
I shall (first asking you pardon) thereunto recount the occasion of
my sudden returne.

King. What should this meane? are all the rest come backe?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlets* character. Naked:
And in a post-script here he saies alone,
Can you devise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warms the very sicknesse in my heart,
That I live, and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.

L

King.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

King. If it be so *Laertes*,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. My Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace: if he be now returned
As liking not his voyage, and that he meanes
No more to undertake it, I will worke him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not chuse but fall,
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right:
You have bin talkt of since your travell much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine; your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such envie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull too, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse livery that it weares,
Than ferled age his fables, and his weeds,
Importing health and gravenesse: two months since
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I have seene my selfe, and serv'd against the *French*,
And they can well on horse-backe; but this Gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
As he had bin incorp't and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast; so farre he topt my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King.

Prince of Denmarke.

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life *Lamord*.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed,

And gemme of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you; the Scrimers of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye
If you oppos'd them: sir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenome with his envie,
That he could nothing doe, but wish and begge
Your sudden comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord?

King. *Laertes*, was your father deare to you?

O rare you like the painting of a sorrow,

A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see in passages of prooffe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it;
There lives within the very flame of love
A kinde of wicke or snuffe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnesse still;
For goodnesse growing to a pleurisie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe,
We should doe when we would: for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this *Should* is like a spend-thrift sigh,
That hurts by easing: but to the quicke of th'ulcer,
Hamlet comes backe, what would you undertake
To shew your selfe indeed your fathers sonne

L 2

More

The Tragedy of Hamlet

More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church,

King. No place indeed should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds: but good *Laertes*,

Will you doe this? keep close within your chamber;

Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home;

Wee'll put on those shall praise your excellence,

And set a double varnish on the same

The *Frenchman* gave you, bring you in fine together;

And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,

Most generous, and free from all contriving,

Will not peruse the foiles, so that with ease,

Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse

A sword unbated, and in a pace of practice

Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will doe't;

And for the purpose Ile annoint my sword:

I bought an unktion of a Mountebanke

So mortall, that but dip a knife in it,

Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare

Collected from all Simples that have vertue

Under the Moone, can save the thing from death;

That is but scratcht withall; Ile touch my point

With this contagion, that if I gall him sleightly it may be death!

King. Let's further thinke of this,

Weigh what conveiance both of time and meanes

May fit us to our shape if this should faile,

And that our drift look through our bad performance

'Twere better not assay'd. Therefore this project

Should have a backe or second, that might hold

If this did blast in prooffe: soft, let me see,

Wee'll make a solemne wager on your cunning;

I hav't, when in your motion you are hot and dry,

As make your bouts more violent to that end,

And that he calls for drinke, Ile have prefer'd him

A Chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,

If he by chance escape your venom'd tucke,

Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread upon anothers heele,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Quee. There is a willow growes ascaunt the brook,
That shewes his hoarie leaves in the glassie streame,

Therewith fantasticke garlands did she make

Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples,

That liberall shepherds give a grosser name,

But our culcold maids do dead mens fingers call the,

There on the pendant boughes her Coronet weeds

Clambring to hang, an envious shiver broke,

When downe her weedy tropheys and her selfe

Fell in the weeping brooke, her clothes spred wide,

And Mermaid-like a while they bore her up,

Which time she chanted snatches of old lauds,

As one incapable of her owne distresse,

Or like a creature native and indued

Unto that element, but long it could not be

Till that her garments heavie with their drinke

Puld the poore wench from her melodious lay

To muddy death.

Laer. Alasse then is she drown'd?

Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,

And therefore I forbid my teares; but, yet

It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,

Let shame say what it will; when these are gone

The woman will be out. Adieu my Lord,

I have a speech afire that faine would blase,

But that this folly drownes it.

Exit.

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*;

How much I had to doe to calme his rage!

Now feare I this will give it start againe,

Therefore let's follow.

Exeunt.

Enter two Clownes.

Clow. Is she to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilful-
ly seekes her owne salvation?

L 3

Othe.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Oth. I tell thee shee is, therefore make her grave straight, the Crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, unlesse he drown'd her selfe in her own defence?

Oth. Why 'tis found so.

Clow. It must be so offended, it cannot be else; for here lies the point, if I drowne my selfe wittingly it argues an act, and an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; shee drown'd her selfe wittingly.

Oth. Nay but heare you goodman delver.

Clow. Give me leave, here lyes the water good, here stands the man, good, if the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe, it is will he nill he; he goes, marke you that: but if the water come to him and drowne him, he drownes not himselfe; argall hee that is not guilty of his owne death shortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry is't, Crowners quest law.

Oth. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not been a Gentlewoman she should have bin buried out a Christian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou saist, and the more pittie that great folke should have countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselves, more than their even Christen: Come my spade, there is no ancient Gentlemen but Gardeners, Ditchers, and Grave-makers, they hold up *Adams* profession.

Oth. Was he a Gentleman?

Clow. A was the first that ever bore armes.

He put another question to thee, if thou answerest mee not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. What is hee that builds stronger than either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Oth. The gallows-maker, for that out-lives a thousand tenants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallows does well, but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill, now thou doest ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the Church, argall the gallows may doe well to thee. To't againe, come.

Oth. Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clow.

Prince of Denmarke,

Clow. I, tell me that and unyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Clow. To't.

Oth. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull affe wil not mend his pace with beating, & when you are askt this questio next, say a grave-maker, the houses he makes last till Doomesday. Goe get thee in, and fetch me a soope of liquor.

In youth when I did love did love,

Song.

Me thought it was very sweet

To contract O the time for a my behove,

O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his businesse? a sings in grave-making.

Hor. Custome hath made it in him a property of easinesse.

Ha. 'Tis een so, the hand of little emploiment hath the daintier

Clow. But age with his stealing steps *Song.* (sense,

hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,

as if I had never bin such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if 'twere *Cains* jaw-bone, that did the first murther: this might be the pate of a Polititian which this affe now ore-reaches, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good morrow my Lord, how doest thou sweet Lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my Lord such a ones horse when a meant to beg it, might it not?

Hor. I my Lord.

Ha. Why een so, and now my Lady worms Choples, and knockt about the mazer with a Sextens spade; here's fine revolution and we had the tricke to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggits with them? mine ake to think on't.

Clow. A pickaxe and a spade a spade,
for and a shrowding sheert,

O

The Tragedy of Hamlet

O a pit of clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet.

Ha. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawier?
where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his cases, his tenures,
and his tricks? why does he suffer this mad knave now to knocke
him about the sconce with a dirty shovell, and will not tell him of
his actions of battery? hum: this fellow might be in's time a great
buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his
double vouchers, his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine
dirt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases and dou-
bles, than the length and bredth of a paire of Indentures? the ve-
ry conveiances of his land will scarcely lye in this boxe, and must
th'inheritor himselfe have no more? ha?

Hora. Not a jot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. I my Lord, and of calve-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seeke out assurance in
that. I will speake to this fellow: Whose grave's this firrah?

Clow. Mine fir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it's thine indeed, for thou lyeest in't.

Clow. You lye out on't fir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my
part I doe not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say it is thine, 'tis for the
dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeest.

Clow. 'Tis a quicke lye fir, 'twill againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man fir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman fir, but rest her soule, shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is, we must speake by the card, or
equivocation will undo us. By the Lord *Horatio* this 3. yeeres I
have took note of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the
pesant comes so neere the heele of the Courtier, he galls his kibe.
How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yeare I came to't that day that our last
King *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that; it was that
very day that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that is mad and sent
into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Clow. Why? because a was mad, a shall recover his wits there,
or if a doe not 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. 'Twill not be seen in him there, there are men as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith een with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clow. Why here in *Denmarke*: I have bin Sexton here man
and boy thirty yeeres.

Ham. How long will a man lye i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before he dye, as wee have many
pocky coarces that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you
some eight yeere, or nine yeere; a Tanner will last you nine yeere.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Clow. Why fir his hide is so tan'd with his trade, that a will keep
out water a great while, and your water is a fore decayer of your
whorson dead body: here's a skull now hath lyen you i'th earth

Ham. Whose was it?

(23. yeares.

Clow. A whorson mad fellows it was, whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, a pour'd a flaggon of
Rhenish on my head once; this same skull fir, was fir *Torickes*
skull the Kings Jester.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ha. Alas poor *Toricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite
jest, of most excellent fancy, he hath bore me on his backe a thou-
sand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is? my
gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kist I know not
how oft: where bee your jibes now, your gambles, your songs,
your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a
roare?

M

The Tragedy of Hamlet

roare? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chop-faln?
Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an
inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.
Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ha. Dost thou think *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth?

Hora. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may returne *Horatio*! Why may
not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander* till a finde it
stopping a bung-hole.

Hora. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ha. No faith not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty
enough, and likelihood to lead it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was
buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we
make lome, & why of that lome whereto he was converted might
they not stop a Beere-barrell?

Imperious *Cesar* dead and turn'd to clay
Might stop a hole to keepe the wind away.

O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw!

But soft, but soft a while, here comes the King, *Enter King,*
The Queen, the Courtiers: who is this they follow, *Que. Laertes*
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken, *and the corse.*
The coarfe they follow did with desperate hand
Fordoe its owne life; 'twas of some estate:

Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble youth.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Dost. Her obsequies have bin as far enlarg'd
As we have warrant; her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-swayes the order,
She should in ground un sanctified bin lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and pebbles should be throwne on her,
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,

Her

Prince of Denmarke.

Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Dost. No more be done:

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *Requiem* and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,

And from her faire and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest
A ministring Angel shall my sister be
When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What? the faire *Ophelia*?

Quee. Sweet's to the sweet, farewell,

I hop't thou shouldst have bin my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to have deckt sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O treble woe!

Fall ten times double on that curld head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenuous sense
Deprived thee of: hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine armes.
Now pile your dust upon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you have made
To rot old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whose grieve

Bears such an *emphasis*, whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? 'tis I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The Divell take thy soule.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well; I prethee take thy fingers from
For though I am not spleenative and rash, (my throat,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom feare; hold off thy hand.

King. Plucke them asunder.

Quee. *Hamlet*, *Hamlet*.

The Tragedy of Hamlet

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him upon this theam
Untill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my sonne, what theame?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*, forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum: What wilt thou doe for her?

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Quee. For love of God forbear him.

Ham. Swounds shew me what thou't doe,
Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy
Woo't drink up Efill, eat a Crocodile? (selfe,
Ile doe't: doest thou come here to whine?

To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I;
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground
Cindging his pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Ossa* like a wart; nay and thou'lt mouth
Ile rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madnesse,
And thus a while the fit will worke on him;
Anon as patient as a female Doe,
When that her golden cuplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Heare you fir,
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you well, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may
The Cat will mew, a Dogge will have his day.

Exit Hamlet

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* wait upon him. & *Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Wee'll put the matter to the present push.
Good *Gertrard* set some watch over your sonne,
This Grave shall have a living monument,
An houre of quiet thereby shall we see,
Till then in patience our proceeding be.

Exeunt.

Enter

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ha. So much for this fir, now shall you see the other:
You doe remember all the circumstance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep, me thought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the Bilbo's, rashly,
And prais'd be rashnesse for it; let us know
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do fall, & that should learn us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hora. That is most certaine.

Ham. Up from my Cabbin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me, in the darke
Crop't I to find out them, had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold
(My feares forgetting manners) to unfold
Their grand Commission, where I found, *Horatio*,
A royall knavery, an exact command,
Larded with many severall sorts of reasons,
Importing *Denmarks* health, and *Englands* too,
With hoe such Bugs and Goblins in my life,
That on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be strooke off.

Hora. Is't possible?

Ha. Here's the Commission, read it at more leisure:
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed?

Hora. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a Prologue to my braines
They had begun the Play: I late me downe,
Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire:
I once did hold it, as our Statists doe,
A basenesse to write faire, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but fir now

M 3

It

The Tragedy of Hamlet

It did me yeomans service; wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hora. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,

As *England* was his faithfull tributary,

As love between them like the *Palme* might flourish,

As peace should still her wheaten garland weare,

And stand a *Comma* 'twene their amities,

And many such like, as sir of great charge,

That on the view and knowing of these contents,

Without debatement further more or lesse

He should those bearers put to sudden death,

Not thriving time allow'd.

Hora. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why even in that was heaven ordinaunt:

I had my fathers signet in my purse,

Which was the modell of that *Danish* seale,

Folded the writ up in the forme of th' other,

Subscrib'd it, gave't th'impression, plac'd it safely,

The changling never known; now the next day

Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent

Thou know'st already.

Hora. So *Guyldenstern* and *Rosencrans* go to't.

Ha. They are not neare my conscience, their defeat

Does by their owne insinuation grow;

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes

Between the passe and fell incensed points

Of mighty opposites.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not, think you, stand me now upon?

He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,

Popt in between th' election and my hopes,

Throwne out his angle for my proper life,

And with such cosenage, is't not perfect conscience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to *Denmarke*.

Ham. I humbly thanke you sir.

Does't know this *Water-flye*?

Hora.

Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know
him; he hath much land and fertill, let a beast be Lord of beasts,
and his crib shall stand at the Kings messe; 'tis a chough, but as I
say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Cour. Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure I should im-
part a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it sir with all diligence of spirit; your bon-
net to his right use, 'tis for the head.

Cour. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No beleeve me 'tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinks it is very foultry and hot, for my com-
plexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very foultry, as 'twere I can-
not tell how: my Lord, his Majesty bad me signifie unto you, that
a has laid a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Cour. Nay good my Lord, for my ease in good faith. Sir here is
newly come to Court *Laertes*, beleeve mee an absolute Gentle-
man, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and
great shewing: indeed, to speake feelingly of him, he is the Card
or Kalendar of Gentry, for you shall finde in him the continent of
what part a Gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I
know to divide him inventorially, would dizzie th' arithmetick of
memory, and yet but raw neither in respect of his quicke faile;
but in the verity of extolment, I take him to be soule of a great ar-
ticle, and his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse, as to make true
diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would
trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy sir, why do we wrap the Gentleman in
our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue; you
will doe't sir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?

Cour.

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Cour. Of *Laertes*?

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him fir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did fir; yet in faith if you did it would not much approve me: well fir.

Cour. You are ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confesse that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himselfe.

Cour. I meane fir for his weapon, but in the imputation laid on him by them in his meed hee's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Cour. The King fir hath wager'd with him fixe *Barbery* horses, against the which he has impawn'd as I take it six *French* Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger, and so: three of the carriages in faith are very deare to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margin ere you had done.

Cour. The carriages fir are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our sides, I would it might be hangers till then: but on, fixe *Barbery* horses against fixe *French* swords, their assignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet against the *Danish*, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King fir, hath laid fir, that in a dozen passes betweene your selfe and him he shall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in triall.

Ham. Sir I will walke here in the hall, if it please his Majestie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him and I can; if not, I will gaine nothing but my shame and the odde hits.

Cour.

Prince of Denmarke.

Cour. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect fir, after what flourish your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for his turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. A did so fir with his duggie before a sickt it; thus has he & many more of the same breed that I know, the droffie age dotes on, onely got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of encounter, a kinde of misty collection, which carries them through and through the most profane and trennowned opinions; and doe but blow them to their triall, the bubbles are our.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Majestie commended him to you by young *Ostricke*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the Kings pleasure; if his fitnesse speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to *Laertes* before you goe to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

Hora. You will lose my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into *France* I have bin in continuall practice; I shall win at the oddes: thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of game-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora. If your mind dislike any thing obey it, I shall forestall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury, there is a speciall providence in the fall of a Sparrow: if it be, 'tis not to come, if it bee not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come, the readinesse is all, since no man of ought he leaves knowes what is't to

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leave

The Tragedy of Hamlet

leave betimes, let be.

A table prepared, Drums, Trumpets, and Officers with cushions;

King, Queen, and all the state, foiles, daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon sir, I have done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman: this presence knowes,
And you must needs have heard how I am punish't
With a sore distraction; what I have done
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? never Hamlet;

If Hamlet from himselfe be tane away,

And when hee's not himselfe does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it:

Who does it then? his madness: if't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,

His madness is poore Hamlets enemy;

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evill

Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow ore the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stirre me most

To my revenge, but in my tearmes of honour

I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilment,

Till by some elder Masters of knowne honour

I have a voice and president of peace

To my name ungor'd: but all that time

I doe receive your offered love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ha. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
frankly play.

Give us the foiles:

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance:

Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night

Sticke fiery off indeed:

Laer. You mocke me sir.

Ham.

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. Noby this hand.

Kin. Give them the foils young *Ofrick*; cosin *Hamlet*.

You know the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord:

Your Grace has laid the oddes a'th weaker side.

King. I doe not feare it, I have seen you both,

But since he is better we have therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heavie, let me see another.

Ha. This likes me wel, these foils have all a length

Ofr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon the table;

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their Ordnance fire;

The King shall drink to Hamlets better breath,

And in the cup an Onyx shall he throw

Richer than that which foure successive Kings

In Denmark's Crown have worn. Give me the cups,

And let the Kettle to the Trumpet speake,

The Trumpet to the Canoneer without,

The Cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth.

Now the King drinke to Hamlet: come begin,

And you the Judges beare a warie eye.

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Ofr. A hit, a very passable hit.

Laer. Well, againe.

King. Stay, give me drinke, Hamlet this pearle is thine,

Here's to thy health: give him the cup.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while;

Come, another hit, what say you?

Laer. I doe confest.

King. Our sonne shall win.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.

Here Hamlet, take my napkin, wipe thy browes:

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The

The Tragedy of Hamlet

The Queen carowles to thy fortune *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. *Gertrard* doe not drinke.

Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poysoned cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally,
I pray you passe with your best violence,
I am sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

King. Part them, they are incens't.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Looke to the Queen there ho.

Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is't my Lord?

Ostr. How is't *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine own sprindge *Ostricke*,
I am justly kill'd with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She swounes to see them bleed.

Quee. No, no, the drink, the drink, O my deare *Hamlet*,
The drinke, the drinke, I am poysoned.

Ham. O villaine! ho let the doore be lockt,
Treachery, seeke it out.

Laer. It is here *Hamlet*; thou art slaine,
No medicine in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd, the foule practice
Hath turn'd it selfe on me; lo here I lye
Never to rise againe: thy mother's poyson'd,
I am no more, the King, the King's to blame.
Ha. The point envenom'd too, then venom to thy work.

Al.

Prince of Denmarke.

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestuous damned *Dane*,
Drinke off this potion: is the Onyx here?
Follow my mother.

Laer. He is justly serv'd, it is a poyson temper'd by him-
(selfe.

Exchange forgiveness with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my fathers death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee:
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queen adieu.
You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is strict in his arrest) O I could tell you;
But let it be: *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou livest, report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hora. Never beleeeve it,
I am more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*,
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man
Give me the cup, let goe, by heaven Ile hav't:
O God *Horatio* what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall I leave behind me?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine
Tote tell my story: what warlike noise is this?

A march a
farre off.

Enter *Ostricke*.

Ostr. Young *Fortinbrasse* with conquest come from *Poland*
Th'Embassadors of *England* gives this warlike volly.

Ham. O I dye *Horatio*,
The potent poyson quite ore-growes my spirit;
I cannot live to heare the newes from *England*,
But I doe prophesie the election lights
On *Fortinbrasse*; he has my dying voice,
So tell him, with th'occurents more and lesse

Which

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Which have solicited : the rest in silence.

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart, good night sweet
And flight of Angels sing thee to thy rest. (Prince,
Why does the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbrasse, with the Embassadors.

Fort. Where is this fight?

Hor. What is it you would see?
If ought of woe or wonder, cease your search?

For. This quarry cries on havoc : O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine infernall Cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloudily hast crooked?

Embas. The fight is dismall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are senselesse that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandement is fulfill'd,
That *Rosencrans* and *Guildenstern* are dead,
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandement for their death.
But since so jumpe upon this bloody question,
You from the Pollack wars, and you from England,
Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to'th yet unknowing world
How these things came about ; so shall you heare
Of cruell, bloody, and unnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgements, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause,
And in this upshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the inventors heads : all this can I
Truely deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to heare it,
And call the noblest to the audience :
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune,
I have some rights of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to claime my vantage doth invite me.

Hor.

Prince of Denmarke.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while mens minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Souldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
T'have prov'd most royall : and for his passage,
The Souldiers musick and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him.
Take up the bodies ; such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shewes much amisse.
Goe bid the Souldiers shoot.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

Princes of Denmark
How Oft that I shall have also cause to fear
And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more
But let this famous picture perform
Even while men's minds are wild, let more wild
On plots and errors happen
For I have found
The Hamlet that's a soldier, not a king
For he as likely had he been an
I have prov'd himself royal; and for his page
The soldier's back and the name of a
He's a soldier, not a king
Take up the body, and let's
Becomes the best of both worlds
Good night, sweet prince, and let's

